brother was Ludwig Robert, poet and dramatist, whose *Die Macht der Verhaltnisse* was the first play by a Jew to be presented on the German stage. But the most remarkable and most beautiful of the group was Henrietta Herz, who knew a dozen languages—English so well that she taught it in the household of the Duchess of Courland—and was a brilliant conversationalist.

When the intellectual life of Germany was beginning to stir, the houses of this group of cultured Jewish fore-runners of the Feminist movement—whose sense of Jewish loyalty, incidentally, was non-existent—formed the principal centre. They knew everybody and had met everybody; they were the first to discern the genius in promising young men of letters and to give them their initial encouragement. In their houses, Fichte, Schiller, Niebuhr, Humboldt, Schlegel and Schleiermacher could meet illustrious foreigners like Mme. de Stael, the Prince de Ligne, Mirabeau and Lamotte-Fouque. It was in this melting-pot, presided over by Jewish hostesses, that the German literature of the early nineteenth century was re-moulded and re-invigorated.

The tradition, it must be admitted, was a ponderous one. From this it was saved by Heinrich Heine—"a German Parisian, a Jewish German, a hated political exile who yearns for a dear, old, homely Germany, a sceptical sufferer with a Christian patience, a romantic poet expressing in classic form the modern spirit, a Jew and poor", as Israel Zangwill characterised him. He and

his fellow-Jew, Ludwig Borne, that brilliant stylist and mordant critic, were associated in founding the liberal party, *Young Germany.* More enduring, perhaps (or so it seemed until a couple of years ago) was their work in creating a new standard for German journalism, which they saved from the overwhelming portentousness of the eighteenth century and imbued with a new spirit and